THE INDIANA FAITH, BY ELMER DAVIS

The Saturday Review of Literature

Vol. XXIII No. 25 New York, Saturday, April 12, 1941 Fifteen Cents

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By R. Ellis Roberts

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"JOB'S HOUSE"
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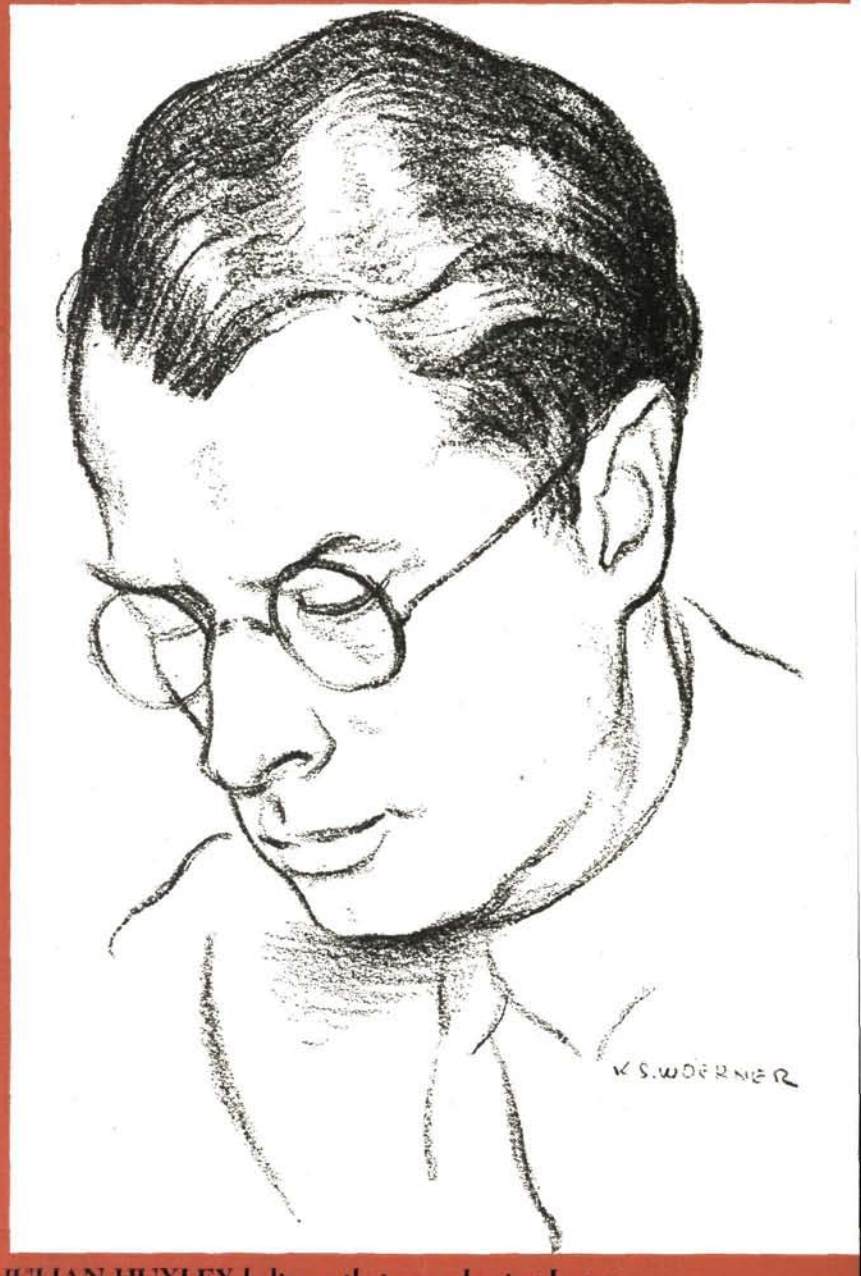

JULIAN HUXLEY believes that man, having begun at last to control his own evolution, must take great heed not to enter a blind alley . . . *(See page 5)*

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to stroll with Nathan through the park,
but an equal sensation might be
his book on one arm and on the other . . .
me . . .
I detect a macabre twist
in your desire to swing, hand in fist,
with Edgar Hooger; but I, am a Hoofer,
who
can run down your heels in a rhumba too.
to have tea with Maugham
would be a conversational poem.
but I can open fire with my repartea
that would make Somerset secondary.
so if you want to save your salary
it's up to you to see me . . .
yours for economy.

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Mural-study by Donald Mattison for Tipton, Indiana, Postoffice.

The Indiana Faith

ELMER DAVIS

THE town of Muncie, Indiana, was chiefly renowned in my youth for the frequency and flagrancy of its political and underworld scandals. They flared smokily on front pages of Indiana newspapers, as natural-gas flares had burned a few years earlier in Muncie back yards; the gas gave out, the scandals went on, but it took Muncie a long time to realize that in the mere life of the town of which the flare-ups were only the most spectacular manifestation there was the raw material of a new industry. Then came one Robert S. Lynd, born and raised at New Albany, Indiana; who may have felt, as do many Hoosiers from the river counties, that life up state is only a later variant of the Neolithic culture, well worthy of scientific examination. He went to Muncie and studied it, and in due course "Middletown" made its citizens as renowned in anthropological circles as the Trobriand Islanders.

The job, however, had been done before, less exhaustively but very ably. Mr. Stuart Chase was inspired by "Middletown" to contrast Muncie with Mexico, somewhat to Muncie's disadvantage; but a little earlier C. E. Scoggins, returned from Mexico to settle down in Muncie, had made a somewhat more judicious appraisal, granting a good deal to both sides. Since this happened to be imbedded in a romantic serial in *The Saturday Evening Post* it may not have come to the attention of so serious a person as Mr. Chase; but it is one of the most valuable documents in the corpus Muncie sociology, which begins to assume impressive proportions.

For now comes Heath Bowman, born and raised in Muncie, who after long wanderings abroad felt the homing impulse and decided to write a book* exploring the essentials of Hoosier character; and he came back to Muncie as a base of operations, as naturally as a Hoosier of other tastes would go back home if he wanted to grow a good crop of corn. If anything ever happens to the Muncie glass works, the sociology industry promises to take up the slack of unemployment.

These preliminaries are relevant not because Mr. Bowman devotes undue attention to his native town, but because the career of Muncie is one of many instances of the variety of Hoosier life, which makes it harder and harder to decide whether what has traditionally been accepted as the specific Hoosier character is any longer anything but a tradition. Mr. Bowman thinks it still exists, in Muncie and almost everywhere else (except, of course, in Lake County, which is only an extension of Chicago); but his researches have been so exhaustive that the impression one reader got from his report was of multiplicity rather than unity. Multiplicity in origins—there were two main streams but each had its subdivisions—in direction, and to a considerable extent in the resultant product; yet Bowman thinks he can still find certain uniformities. In the past "Indiana had been more tight and satisfied than expansive, in the ordinary Western sense of the word." True enough; the Hoosiers thought they had something good, and were satisfied with it. "Because of not one but many diverse reasons they have always been articulate." A Hoosier who makes his living with his tonsils could hardly deny that. "As characteristic of them as their pride is their lack of pretension, their refusal to put on airs, their ability to laugh at those who do. . . . They like to declare that they can always spot a brother Hoosier for this laughing lack of pretension; something in his appearance, they say, will give the clue." As Pegler puts it, you can always tell them by the way they tie their ties.

True enough, in general; but with extensive qualifications. Most Hoosiers, at home or in exile, may have the baggy trousers that Bowman notes, the unruly hair if any; yet Manhattan never knew a more polished boulevardier than the late Ray Long from Lebanon, Indiana, nor can Park Avenue surpass the refined elegance of Oscar Ewing from Greensburg. And in more important matters than attire Bowman's generalizations are not altogether borne out by his evidence, even though anyone who comes from the sacred soil will feel a reminiscent delight not only in his text but in the illustrative photographs. (If one reader feels that the river counties, or at least the past century of their history, have been somewhat slighted, put that down to a specifically Hoosier local prejudice.) The conclusion, to be sure,

**HOOSIER. By Heath Bowman. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Co. 1941. 360 pp., with index. $3.*

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is doctrinally sound; "keep breeding in your sons that distrust of airs, that laughter. For to be proud of being just ordinary need not be stupid and contrary; it can be an intimation of real greatness, a real understanding of democracy."

This is orthodoxy, the faith once delivered to the fathers. The most characteristic of Hoosier stories (and it happens to be true) deals with a man who came from a small town in Indiana, and rose eventually to become Attorney General of the United States. Not long after he took office one of his home-town friends came to Washington and called on the great man, who asked him—"Well, Joe, what did the folks back home say, when they heard I'd been appointed Attorney General of the United States?" . . . "Oh," said Joe, "they didn't say anything; they just laughed."

Now that habit of mind is, or used to be, typical if not universal; and there is a great deal to be said for it. It is calculated to produce, as Tom Marshall said Indiana produces, more first-rate second-rate men than any other state in the union; and such men have their value. The Hoosier temperament, it might be supposed, is incapable of extremes, whether of splendor or of bathos; if it discourages crusaders it also discourages jackasses, or at least too blatant display of their jackassery; and it can be plausibly argued that if this republic could enjoy a definite reduction in its quota of jackasses it might get along without the crusaders. For somebody else will always turn out an adequate supply, if not of great men, at least of men who are willing to go out on a limb without fear of being laughed at; Indiana can fulfill its function by turning out enough good second-rate men to back them up and translate their visions into actuality. So runs the historic apologia, and it makes sense. But lay it alongside the record of Indiana, and you will see that this avoidance of extremes is a matter more of theory than of fact.

True, Indiana in its early days knew and rejected Utopian communism. Father Rapp taught his neighbors to do better farming than they had ever seen before; but his Utopia was celibate, and Hoosiers have always appreciated their women. Robert Owen introduced ideas far ahead of his time, some of which his son managed to imbed in the state's tradition; but Owen's Paradise rejected God and liquor, and again the whole and rounded Hoosiers would have none of it.

But within recent memory Indiana fell hard for a dictatorship which rejected liquor (in theory, though notoriously not in practice) in the name of religion, and came pretty close to rejecting the Bill of Rights too. With the election of Ed Jackson as Governor in 1924 the state hit its all-time low, and presently rebounded; for there was a core of wholesomeness in the Hoosier character which soon found that it could no longer stomach the Klan. But the Klan was only the final and extreme phase of a theocracy which had been a menace for years, even though the genuine faith of the pioneers was becoming a rarity; the menace seems at the moment to have been liquidated, but the episode remains on the record, to cast some doubt on the time-honored doctrine that the Hoosier will always be able to laugh out of court the things that deserve ridicule. As for excesses in the other direction (a direction in which somebody has to be excessive now and then, at the risk of making a damn fool of himself, if the world is to go on) Indiana has a more consistent record. It has produced more first-rate second-rate novelists than any other commonwealth; and if the handicaps that made Dreiser fall just a little short of greatness were economic and personal rather than local, those that limited the effectiveness of Tarkington's talent might as plausibly be ascribed to Indiana as to inherited prosperity and respectability. While of Hoosier public men the most typical, certainly, was Tom Marshall, who deserved all the connotations of both adjective and substantive elements in the golden mean.

Yet the currently most eminent Hoosier, Mr. Wendell Willkie, does not permit himself to be hampered by the tradition of moderation; he is a crusader. It is true that the first crusade to which he applied his driving power was a used crusade, 1932 model, with a sadly defective engine and a set of tires that had long outlived their usefulness; but he got more mileage out of it than could reasonably have been expected. Now he is aboard a streamlined modern crusade which seems to have considerably more chance of getting somewhere; as yet he is a back-seat driver but nobody would be surprised if he were asked to move up in front before long; and whether you like his record or not, at least he has never been afraid of being laughed at—the last infirmity of noble Hoosier minds.

To aliens all this may seem sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, but it has some relevance because the Hoosier tradition was, in a sense, the last survival of the Jacksonian, tradition; a part of the old America which begins to seem, for good or ill, outrun by the modern world. It was always more of a tradition than a real-

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 420 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; James Nelson, Vice-President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary; George Dilkes, Business Manager. Subscription, $4 a year; $4.50 in Canada; $5 in other countries. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXIII, No. 25, April 12, 1941. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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Huxley and Evolution

MAN STANDS ALONE. By Julian Huxley. New York: Harper & Bros. 1941. 297 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

IN this age when science is discovering new facts and arts with almost appalling rapidity our greatest danger lies in the growing gap between mechanical invention and social progress. Thoughtful people, to be sure, are at last awaking to the fact that our whole social system, including economics, politics, education, and religion, as well as the home, the family, and the relation of the sexes, is pitifully backward—genuinely primitive—in comparison with our ability to manufacture machines and chemicals, waste the earth's natural resources, and wage war. In order to reconstruct society so drastically that it will fit our new capacity for manufacturing, transportation, and communication, we must begin at the very foundation. We must start with man as a biological animal, and from that work upward to the higher levels where art, literature, and religion are supreme. No nation as yet "has really attempted to think out what are the valuable things of life and the relations between them, or to work out the best means of realizing these values in fullest intensity. . . . A few individual thinkers have tried their hands, but until society as a whole gets busy with the problem, individual attempts will have little effect."

Such, in brief, is Julian Huxley's ways of envisaging the problem of human evolution. In this collection of essays called "Man Stands Alone" he begins with man as a biological product and ends with religion. In parts of the book he rises to a remarkably high plane as a philosopher as well as a biologist. When he says that man's future progress depends largely on the skill with which social evolution can be harmonized with biology, he refers to much more than eugenics, although he is an ardent believer in that science. He means primarily that having begun at last to control his own evolution, man must take great heed not to enter a blind alley. How easy it is to do this is abundantly illustrated in the geological history of organic beings. Throughout the eons of geological time some form of life has always been forging ahead to new and higher levels. All lines of progress except the one followed by man, however, appear to have reached the limit of their possibilities. A one-celled creature, for example, cannot possibly exercise the functions of active movement. Insects cannot become of great size because they have no blood stream to aerate their internal organs. In fact the only line of evolution to which Huxley can find no limit is conceptual thought, that is, the ability to make plans based on images or ideas which are present only in the mind. Such thought, he shows, is possible only to an animal of many cells, an animal with bilateral symmetry, with a head and blood system. It is possible only in vertebrates as distinguished from molluscs and insects, and in warm-blooded vertebrates that live on the land, produce their young alive, and suckle them. Moreover, it could have arisen only in a line of mammals which was gregarious, which produced only one young at a birth, and which had recently become terrestrial after a long period of adaptation to life in trees. Thus man stands alone.

Having made us realize the uniqueness of man, the author proceeds to set forth some of the scientific results of studies which are only beginning to produce their due effect on the layman. This leads to an uncommonly fine essay on eugenics. Many common misconceptions are swept away. "Once the full implications of evolutionary biology are grasped, eugenics will inevitably become part of the religion of the future, or of whatever complex of sentiments may in the future take the place of organized religion." Scientists are warned that they must not hang back in applying eugenic methods simply because we do not yet know enough about the subject. Eugenics is an art as well as a science, and it must be practised in order to learn how—*salvitur operando*. The Puritans are cited as an outstanding eugenic example. The author believes that there are innate racial differences, but recognizes that as yet it has been impossible to isolate them from the effects of environment. He goes to somewhat extreme lengths in discussing the separation between sexual satisfaction and reproduction.

Drawing by Edward Shenton

Then he passes to environmental conditions. The effect of climate on human activity and of changes of climate upon history is discussed. So too is the less familiar topic of the way in which climate influences the soil and this causes food to be more or less nutritious according to the chemicals which it contains. One of the best features of the book is its interesting discussions of new ideas which are not yet familiar to the general public. A biologist, however, cannot long keep away from heredity, and Huxley soon comes back to an essay on race. Here he is good, but one senses that after all he is an Englishman, and England is at war with Germany.

Having taken us to great heights of science and philosophy Huxley drops back to common things that are simply interesting. This middle phase of his book contains chapters on the size of living things, the origin of species, the migrations and epidemics of animals, especially rodents, the species of animals which man has exterminated, and finally the intelligence and courtship of birds. A curious little review of "Who's Who," is also tucked in, and one learns that Who's Whoers acknowledge every sort of recreation, including even drinking, but never women or gambling.

Then in the last chapters the author again rises to an inspiring level in his discussion of social science and the religion of humanism. He envisages the day when world-wide planning will be carried on as a matter of course, but not by politicians. Some readers may object to the way in which the final chapters relegate God to the past, but no thoughtful person can read the earlier and later sections without receiving a great stimulus to thought. Such books are what we need.

An important government contribution to literary and educational pursuits is the one and one-half cents per pound postal rate for books. This rate expires in July, 1941. American booksellers and publishers are now endeavoring to make the rate a permanent one. The Columbia University Press suggests that all interested parties—and this includes all readers of books—write or wire their Congressmen urging permanent retention of the present rate schedule.

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But the Dream Lingers On . . .

WHERE ANGELS DARED TO TREAD. By V. F. Calverton. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1941. 381 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

VICTOR FRANCIS CALVERTON, or George Goetz, as he also gives his name in "Who's Who," was born in Baltimore in 1900 and died in 1940, just as he had completed the present work, which had originally been announced for 1939. In that short life he accomplished an amazing amount of work, much of it of excellent quality and provocative of thought. Besides his many editorial jobs he wrote some dozen volumes of original production and a number of anthologies. The books he turned out so rapidly covered a surprising variety of fields in history, sociology, and psychology.

The present, and unhappily his final volume, embraces all of these, and its twenty chapters tell the stories of some twenty-five and more of the couple of hundred of religious and economic Utopias which have in the past two and a half centuries been started in America. This country has not been unique in such efforts to build the perfect society, and a very large proportion of them here were started by foreigners or under foreign influence, but our empty spaces, cheap land, and sparseness of population offered unusual opportunities to communities which wished to escape from the ideas and shackles of complex society and start afresh on the many roads to Utopia which they envisaged. As in so many other ways, America has been an experimental station socially, politically, and economically.

The subject is not a new one, although always interesting, and the author perhaps underrates what his predecessors have contributed. For example, Hinds's "American Communities" and Nordhoff's "Communistic Societies" long ago paved the way for a general treatment and must still be consulted. Swift's "Brook Farm," as a sample of the histories of individual experiments, has a bibliography on that one alone of ten pages, and that was forty years ago. Those familiar with the literature of our Utopias will find the stories of many of the familiar ones here retold, such as Ephrata, the Shakers, Amana, the Mormons, Brook Farm, Hopedale, and others. One difficulty with treating the chief group of such communities in a volume of moderate size is that the space allotted to each must be so moderate that there is not room for much that is new. It is true that the ones selected by the author were the most important but for that very reason there is already a large literature on them whereas some of the less significant ones of the remaining two hundred or so might afford new material and side-lights on the whole movement. Some of these are mentioned in brief in the Epilogue, and a chapter is devoted to the movement of Father Divine which is, so far as I know, new in book form though there have been articles on it, to which Mr. Calverton refers. This is distinctly a contribution, and I learned much of interest from it which I had not known before.

Almost without exception these spiritual or economic Utopias failed in shorter or longer time, and I doubt if those which did so have left much impress on American life. The author believes that they "they failed when certain individuals violated their principles of economic faith, or when the younger generation no longer wished to perpetuate the traditions of the old. In short, it was not their communism which failed, but corrupting elements within the groups which vitiated their communist resolve," and suggests that their dream can never die. Another explanation might be that all such communism as has been tried thus far, at least, has failed because there is an element in it which runs counter to some of the deepest instincts in human nature. Theory, whose only proofs lie in the cloudland of a yet unknown future, is less trammelled than history which deals with the known facts of the past.

V. F. Calverton

Of the book as a whole it may be said that these extinct communities are dealt with more as cells which under better conditions might plausibly form some day the body of a new society than, as they have usually been in the past, as mere dead specimens in the cabinet of the historian. To that extent they take on a new life and aspect. They will always, in any case, have a peculiar interest as strands in the really extraordinarily variegated web of American life, so falsely considered, as a rule, as standardized to dullness. One of the most fascinating "little journeys" which I have made historically in America was that of last autumn to the remains of the community at Ephrata, Pennsylvania, (pronounced to my surprise, when I got there, "Ephrataw"). Many of the books dealing with these experiments are now out of print and frequently quite scarce. Mr. Calverton has told their history well, if briefly, and his volume may be considered as the best now readily available to the general reader. To an America becoming aware of the colorful variety of its past it has a special value, and it may be, in a society fast revising fundamental ideas as to its bases that the author may be more right than I, and that social and political reformers may glean wheat where I see only chaff. Those who would pursue the subject further will miss a bibliography, and, in spite of many foot-note references, will have to refer to some of the earlier and less accessible works. It is, however, an excellent introduction with a living and contemporary point of view.

Red City in the Sun

Red Rock Canyon—Antelope Valley

By Joseph Joel Keith

HERE, near the Mohave Desert,
where Californian sun
blesses the vast dominion
of beauty, time has done
her architectural wonder:

the rocks, like tall skyscrapers,
brick-red everywhere,
seem like so many quarters
where art and labor share
a common-building cause:

here wind and silence visited
and labored without flaws:
here wind and beauty riveted
and all the work was done
with patience, strength and dreaming:

and here at last is gleaming
the old red city in the sun.

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Master Teacher and Soldier

ALLENBY—A Study in Greatness. By General Sir Archibald Wavell. New York: Oxford University Press. 1941. 312 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by R. ERNEST DUPUY

BEYOND shadow of a doubt this is the most significant book yet to appear on the horizon of today's war. It is doubly so since it not only tells the tale of a soldier-student, but—more important—it mirrors the impact of a great leader's mind on a pupil who at this moment has risen to equal heights. General Wavell wrote this book before the general public even knew his name. The British edition appeared in 1940 just after he had been detailed to the Middle East Command. The deeds of the Army of the Nile were accomplished as a *quod erat demonstrandum* to this thesis that a military leader must not only be a man but a learned man. "Allenby" is refutation to all jerry-built, half-baked theories that education plays no part in war.

The story of Field Marshall Viscount Allenby of Megiddo and Felixstowe, G. C. B., G. C. M. G., is fascinating. That, as Wavell points out in his prologue, "Allenby was the last man who would have cared what his biographer wrote of him, or, indeed, that his biography should be written at all," makes it all the more interesting. Here was no pompous seeker after personal publicity. "He never troubled to explain his successes or to justify any action he had taken; he bore no grudge against his critics or detractors; he left behind no account of his life and no material to compile one." But out of the maze of maneuvers and pounding, out of the errors and successes that characterized that struggle which has now become World War I—few of which showed genius in command—two of those few stand as the personal triumphs of Edmund Allenby, soldier and man: the Sinai Peninsula in 1917-18, and the final annihilation of Turko-German arms in Palestine in 1918.

Allenby, of good English stock, as a boy immersed himself in military literature, his favorite reading, in French, being Napoleon's campaigns of Arcola and Marengo. A Sandhurst product, he was gazetted into the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons in 1882, then stationed in South Africa. His military service concided with the transition of the British Army from a red-coated, pipe-clayed, formal machine to a modern fighting force.

With the Boer War came Allenby's first real fighting. And with the advent of Lord Roberts to command, came also his first important lesson—the relief of Kimberly. "Many years later, in Palestine, Allenby was to make and to execute successfully a very similar plan."

Wavell refers here to two later operations—the capture of Beersheba at the Third Battle of Gaza, October 31, 1917, and Megiddo, September 17-22, 1918. In both the essence of the lighting stroke was surprise, the final success the exploitation of success to the limit without regard to fatigue. But—one cannot read this book without constant reference to its effect on the author—Sidi Barrani, December 11, 1940, was Gaza over again—motors replacing the horses of Allenby's Desert Mounted Corps. And the remainder of the Libyan campaign which ended with practical dissolution of Italy's forces in North Africa, was an extended Megiddo!

Discussing the successes of Allenby, Wavell writes large: "In pursuit you must always stretch the possibilities to the limit. The troops, having beaten the enemy, will want to rest. They must be given as objectives not those you think they will reach, but the farthest they could possibly reach." Again one can draw the deadly parallel. Allenby's men of the Desert Mounted Corps in 1917-18 and Wavell's men of 1940-41 were the same breed of cats—a large proportion of them the hell-roaring sons of the Empire from "down under," the Anzacs.

Edmund Allenby, nicknamed "The Bull" by his subordinates, was a mixture of severity and generosity. "Once you have taken a decision, never look back on it," was one of his favorite maxims. To wide experience as a field soldier, from troop commander to general officer, he added serious study of his profession. He steeped himself in the course of the Staff College at a time when British officers raised eyebrows at students (alas! that we appear to have in our own service some men today of similar mind).

When Allenby went out on inspection, over military lines in Palestine warnings flashed. "B. L." ticked the field telegraphs. "Bull Loose!" But, as Wavell points out, his seeming meticulous attention to details rested only on points affecting military efficiency. His stress on "chin straps down" for instance, was not because he loved spit and polish, but because he knew that a desert fighter with hat lost meant a man in hospital with sun-stroke.

Wavell, although throughout the book expressing his hero-worship, does not look at Allenby through rose-tinted spectacles. Character, that all-important prerequisite for any profession, and particularly for the military, Allenby had. "He lacked a measure of self-control, a little humanity, the power to communicate enthusiasm, and to inspire disciples." His method of command was personal; Wavell stresses this, and rightly. Once his staff was organized, Allenby spent his time with troops, not only in front but also in rear areas, enduring hardships, making his presence felt as a personality. "No soldier who had seen Allenby—and practically all his soldiers did see Allenby—could have any doubt that he was being commanded, or that operations would not fail from lack of vigor and decision in high places."

This book should be required reading for all officers of the Army of the United States. In these days of totalitarian war, it should be required reading for every citizen, too, for from it one may gather the essentials needed to inspire loyalty both up and down; to induce, guide, and direct the united effort of an army or a nation in war.

General Wavell (left) has shown both in a literary sense and in a practical military sense, that he understands fully the ideas of General Allenby (right).

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Turkey Rides the Tiger

TURKEY. By Emil Lengyel. New York: Random House. 1941. 474 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

"THE course Turkey takes now will have fateful consequences in world history. At the moment of writing she may be sealing her doom or finding her salvation."

Before Emil Lengyel, a writer who knows Europe's history and especially the Balkan countries, thoroughly, examines the possible courses of Turkey's foreign policy, he spreads before our eyes a colorful panorama of the beauty and barbarity of oriental life, and gives us a stirring dip into the brocaded past of an almost unknown people, the Turks.

Asiatic history springs to life as far back as Troja's fall. Mohammed and the other prophet—Mustafa Kemal Ataturk, founder of modern Turkey—as well as Ghengis Kahn and Abdul Hamid in word pictures of color and movement make exciting reading. And the story of the death of the Ottoman Empire becomes almost more important for Mr. Lengyel than the birth of the Republic, which interests us most at the moment.

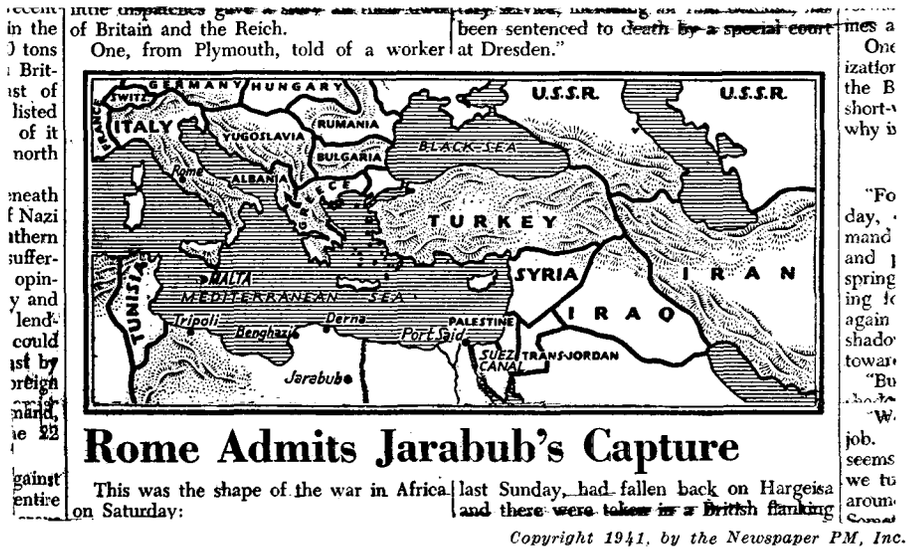
The author, writing with vigor and a foreign flavor that is quite impressive, looks at men and times with the eyes of a romanticist who fell in love with the exotic charms of the Turkish people. The Turks, he tells us, are Sumerians and Hittites and a mixture of twenty-odd other Asiatic tribes. They come from China and from the Hindu-Kush, and from twenty-odd other countries. But while tracing the origin of the Turks, or describing with driving vitality desert revolts, Mr. Lengyel forgets to give us the pictures of life in modern Turkey or that of the modern Turk which we had hoped to find.

Many questions are asked and answered in this technicolor epic of an old people—too many.

Since Mr. Lengyel is not a historian but rather a story teller who spins a kind of oriental fairy tale, one is always fascinated, though sometimes rather bewildered at the richness of the tapestry. The full story of modern Turkey alone would need more space than is given here to the story of two thousand years of the nation's Asiatic and European history.

The first chapter, and the last chapter "The Birth of a Republic" are masterpieces in style, presentation, and clearness. "Old Turks and Young Turks" is another richly informative picture. Turkey of today is "on paper a democracy." We learn to understand why and how Kemal Ataturk succeeded in solving Europe's perennial problem. "Few revolutions in man's history have done away with as many old taboos or have created as many new values. This, and not the fanciful happenings of the Thousand and One Nights, is the great miracle of the East." In these chapters we find a highly intelligent analysis of the enigma that is Turkey.

While the Battle in the Atlantic is still on, many observers believe that Turkey's stand will decide the outcome of the war in the East, if not in the West—since Hitler might find its Moscow at the Dardanelles. Mr. Lengyel could have told us more about the military might or the industrial and economic capacity of New Turkey, to satisfy our curiosity. But even so his book stands out as a picturesque, stimulating history of the "sick man of Europe" who became over night a strong and faithful friend of Western civilization and humanity.



Rome Admits Jarabub's Capture

This was the shape of the war in Africa on Saturday:

of Britain and the Reich.
One, from Plymouth, told of a worker

last Sunday, had fallen back on Hargeisa and there were token in a British flanking

been sentenced to death by a special court at Dresden."

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Anything But Pacific

ORPHANS OF THE PACIFIC, The Philippines. By Florence Horn. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1941. 316 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by STUART LILLICO

FIVE years must elapse before the Philippine Commonwealth becomes the Philippine Republic, with a foreign policy and a soul of its own. Many Far Eastern reporters believe the dangers ahead are sufficient to force the abandonment of Philippine independence hopes. Miss Horn is one of these "realists." Furthermore, she implies that the Filipinos aren't doing a very good job of running themselves.

Miss Horn, a member of the staff of *Fortune* magazine and a writer of merit, visited the Philippines early last year. In "Orphans of the Pacific" (an apt title, by the way) she reports on her observations. Catholic in its coverage and extremely readable, the book is an important contribution to our fund of information about the Commonwealth. Its candor—even cynicism—will earn Miss Horn no friends in Manila, however.

America, with its half shamefaced lack of policy, has made three paramount mistakes in the Philippines, according to this book. The first was to take possession of the Islands; the second was to allow Philippine economy to become dependent on the United States; the third was to pass the Tydings-McDuffie Law promising the Filipinos independence in 1946. The most nearly satisfactory solution now, the author believes, is to keep the Islands under our wing.

Miss Horn has covered a wide range of Philippine topics, from President Quezon to the Chinese shopkeepers, from the gold deposits to the Japanese at Davao (incidentally, she doesn't conceal her admiration for Nipponese efficiency in the hemp industry), from the Spanish in Manila to the problem of land tenure. The total is a highly interesting and even valuable report of the Philippine Commonwealth today as seen by a representative American. What might have been an outstanding contribution to American understanding of its Far Eastern responsibilities can perhaps best be summarized in the following phrase: Miss Horn didn't like Manila.

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The Cry for Order

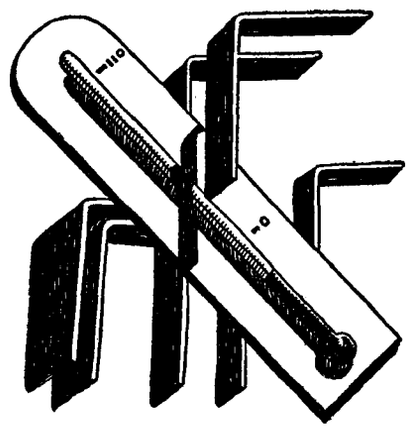
JACQUES BARZUN

AS a student of history I am often asked whether "things have ever been as bad as now," by which the inquirer generally means chaos at large, factual and mental without distinction. To this touching faith in the historian's ability to console, it is hard to remain indifferent; though an answer would have to be based on a comparison which is impossible to make. It would resemble the hypothetical answers given to the question, "How would you have liked to live in a medieval castle?" The "you" in the question is a perishable thing which cannot be transported out of its own time, even in imagination, without losing all recognizable personality. Hence the decision that we are, or are not, living through worse days than did the men of Luther's or Napoleon's time constitutes an untenable answer to a strictly meaningless question.

One thing can nevertheless be said in reply to another question which is seldom raised, but which would furnish some reassurance to those who try to measure their present anguish by standards drawn from the past. I mean the question whether the common assumption of our being in a hitherto unsurpassed *mental* chaos is justified. Here historical comparisons are possible, within limits, for we can read the words of previous generations about their states of mind. We can compare different sorts of men with their contemporaries or with us, and arrive at certain conclusions regarding the degrees of order and disorder which practical conflicts generate in human consciousness. At least two things can be said. One is that at no time within the European past has there been a calm, settled, or carefree intellectual order. Tom Paine's remark that "these are the times that try men's souls" was neither an exaggeration nor a topical quip. It is always true somewhere for somebody, and on a larger scale than we ordinarily suspect. I rather think that Henry Adams unwittingly misled us when in this respect he contrasted medieval unity with twentieth-century multiplicity. The medieval *ideal* was unity—even uniformity—but it was no more achieved in detail than complete multiplicity has been achieved among us. And it is an assumption contrary to fact to suppose that a combined religious, moral, and political authority is any more static, any less productive of doubt, dispute, and despair than a system of divided controls. Indeed, we believe most inconsistently that the Middle Ages were times of mental peace accompanied by physical violence. We exaggerate both, forgetting, on the spiritual side, not only the heretics that sprang up among the believers, but the intense and ceaseless quarrels of the schools, philosophic and political.

THE sources of unity and diversity are in any case not intellectual in the first degree: they do not spring from fresh and deliberate thinking by reflective minds. Rather, they are habitual, traditional, instinctive—and better so. They embody somebody's thought in the past, no doubt, but that thought is carried in the fibres of the nervous system rather than in the creative mind. To recognize that the faiths on which a culture is reared are made explicit or challenged only by comparatively few people, and for their own kind, does not diminish the importance or value of explicit thought. Such thinking trickles down among the rest and at last becomes a part of their moving convictions. Time, fitness, and other accidents play their part, but no idea is ever quite futile, and that is why the struggle for what we believe to be good must go on without reference to prophets and fatalists.

But this also shows that order of a final and completely satisfactory kind is impossible to achieve. In her wartime essay, "Begin Here," soon to be published in this country, Miss Dorothy Sayers tells us why such an order is not desirable even if it were possible. As for a partially satisfactory Order, satisfactory, that is, only to some,



history likewise gives it no warrant of success. What is achieved by the strictest regimentation is at best the appearance of order—a display of activity towards the ideal of fixity, towards a façade behind which a greater or lesser disorder continues. And just as this is only seeming order, so under a different ideal from that of uniformity the chaos is also a seeming chaos.

For in Adams's twentieth-century multiplicity it is important to distinguish clearly between the multiplicity which finds concrete expression and the multiplicity which an omniscient (or future) observer could discover. When a dozen people agree and act on their agreement, there is, as we say, order; but behind it inevitably, in the multiple reasons, feelings, and hopes of the participants, there is still disagreement, disorder, perhaps chaos—could we but sample it. If the actors in a play could see simultaneously into the heads of the audience and find there the confused association of ideas and feelings which the performance aroused, they would probably stop the show and go home in despair of getting *the* idea across the footlights. But it is important to remember that this confusion does not destroy the unity of the impression. No two persons will agree about what "Hamlet" means, but no one has yet gone to "Hamlet" and thought he was seeing "Macbeth."

The "chaos" which we would discover if we canvassed this audience corresponds in a large measure to the chaos which we think we suffer from today. Events have made us aware, not only of our own thoughts, but of those of others—people whose existence or point of view we did not even suspect before, even though it was present and active, for all our ignorance. The quantity as much as the variety of contemporary opinion bewilders us, and we vaguely suppose that every utterance is bound to affect with equal strength the residue of our lives. The multiplicity of the twentieth-century, then, is in part one of expression. Possibly more people hold and express opinions—in some favored regions—than did before, though a look at Cromwell's time makes even that conclusion doubtful. The chaos is at any rate less in our habits than in our lack of familiarity with the constant underlying diversity of minds.

As against this present, we see the

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past in convenient pairs, like cases before a judge: Luther *versus* the Church, Cromwell *versus* Charles I, the Jacobins *versus* the aristocrats. Somebody won, we suppose, because there were only two sides and one was stronger—or righter. This is pure fantasy, the result of simplification designed to stuff history down the schoolboy's throat. Historical issues get settled by a composition of innumerable wills and energies at work. This is not to deny that there are moments of lining up on two sides, but there is no mistaking those fairly rare situations. No one, anyhow, complains of their intellectually chaotic nature. If then we would see things clear-cut and black and white, we can do it by forgetting the nuances; but if we are fascinated by them and come to believe that our salvation lies in obliterating them, we must remind ourselves that the chaos they form is a constant in human history. We must not consider it a new and terrible evil added to our other woes, or rely upon it to carry us automatically to safety. History in large blocks gives a false perspective, but the present analyzed into a fine dust is a nightmare of our own making, which no shouts for a ready-made Order will conjure off.

"Anthropology" of Protestantism

THE NATURE AND DESTINY OF MAN: A CHRISTIAN INTERPRETATION. By Reinhold Niebuhr. Volume I, Human Nature. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1941. 306 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTEDT

TO the most sublime of all themes Professor Niebuhr addresses himself in this first volume of the Gifford Lectures which he delivered in the spring and fall of 1939 at the University of Edinburgh. Beginning with the profound truism that "Man has always been his own most vexing problem," he launches into an investigation of the views which man has entertained about himself in the different cultures which form a part of the Western tradition. Among the most important of these views are the classical, the Christian, and the modern, and the modern in turn includes such discrete answers as are found in romanticism and rationalism, materialism and idealism. It is the author's thesis that all of these views, the Christian excepted, lead to contradictions, paradoxes, and antinomies. Every analysis of the nature of man known to history leads ultimately to conclusions which are at variance with the premises with which the analysis begins, again excepting the Christian.

With almost incredible learning and with a series of insights as brilliant and as penetrating as any in contemporary philosophy, Professor Niebuhr brings all secular philosophies to judgment before the bar of logic. He will agree with naturalism that man is a child of nature and "subject to its vicissitudes," but man's awareness of this fact elevates him to a preternatural position. He will agree with rationalism that man's reason is a fearful and wonderful thing, but this very reason implies a self-transcendence by virtue of the fact that man knows that he reasons and can make himself his own subject. One by one he shows that conclusions reached by secular philosophers from Plato, Aristotle, and the Stoics, to Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Dewey, and Whitehead are all partial, incomplete, and incorrect. In contrast to them such men as St. Augustine, Martin Luther, and Søren Kierkegaard attain an incomparable eminence.

The author requests that the volume be not judged in itself but only in terms of the second volume, which will discuss in detail the Christian view of the nature and destiny of man and consider the relation of Christian doctrines to contemporary theories of salvation. It is as easy to grant this request as it is difficult to communicate the tremendous scope and power of the present work. At the same time, however, it is not unfair to suggest that some inconsistencies remain and that the author, in his criticism of secular philosophies, utilizes a suspicious logical device known as the paradox of double implication. A critic using the same device might point out that this volume represents in its entirety a superb attempt to prove on rational grounds that rationalism is inadequate and to demonstrate with rational methods the superiority of non-rational approaches to the study of mankind. The answer to this problem belongs to logic and can hardly even be adumbrated in a short review. Suffice it to say here that Professor Niebuhr's first volume is probably the most intelligent defense of the "anthropology" of Protestant Christianity to appear in this century, and that the second volume will be eagerly received even by those moderns among us, naturalists and rationalists alike, who are unafraid of the perils of scepticism.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

10 FAMOUS SAILORS

Here are ten of the many famous sailors who have sailed over the seas of literature into immortality. How many of them do you recognize? Allow 5 points for each one you can name, and another 5 if you can recall the author who created him. A score of 50 is par, 60 is good, 70 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 22.

1. Returning home after several years of a shipwrecked existence on a desert isle, he found his wife happily married to their childhood friend.

2. When a mix-up that had occurred long before at a baby farm was finally adjusted, this common sailor exchanged positions with the captain of a British warship.

3. In the three years that he was marooned on a remote island, he found and removed the treasure buried there by Captain Flint.

4. Through circumstances beyond his control, this young man was employed as second cabin boy on a fishing dory.

5. A one-eyed retired naval veteran, he ran his house like a garrison, defended by moat, drawbridge, cannon, and servants who stood watch.

6. In a moment of exuberance, this pirate removed the warning bell from a treacherous rock, with the result that he crashed on it some time later.

7. This old sailor, captain of a coal barge, had hated the sea all his life.

8. An ex-whaler, he used his harpoon to good advantage while serving as a coxswain on an American frigate.

9. When the *Prairie Belle* caught fire while racing another boat, her engineer held her nose against the shore until all but him escaped.

10. As a reward for saving the entire French fleet from destruction, this simple Breton sailor asked for a day off to visit his wife.

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Issues and Writers

JAMES T. FARRELL

At the present time, increasing numbers of critics and book reviewers are demanding that the creative writer deal with what they call the "larger issues" of life. They are beginning to formulate a program of critical legislation which dictates to the writer, telling him what to think, how he should feel, and what he should write about. Their attack is centered on the realistic writer who describes and recreates a sense of life objectively and without varnish or veneer. Misrepresenting this type of literature, they demand books wherein the novelist will deal with questions of good and bad, beauty and ugliness, hope and despair, affirmation and negation—*in general terms.* Such critics are more interested in moral absolutes, and a generalized brand of Emersonian inspiration, than they are in specific studies which deal with these same problems in concrete and material terms.

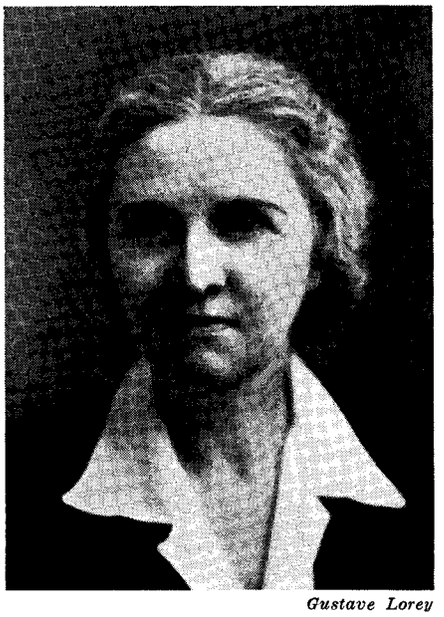
While writers are interested in the fate of individual souls, and in picturing the conditions which vitally affect these individual souls, these critics and reviewers are interested in the soul of man in general. While writers by implication criticize those social conditions and tendencies which make people ugly, these critics attack the writers for what they have seen and recreated. There is nothing new in these demands of the critical legislators. What they say is what has been said of every generation of realistic writers for decades.

The work of a writer such as Caroline Slade is an answer to such criticism. Her books, "Sterile Sun," "The Triumph of Willie Pond," and her latest novel, "Job's House," * constitute an answer to all their claims. Mrs. Slade is a student of social work, with wide practical experience. She appeals to facts rather than to tradition and authority. Her works deal in the most concrete and factual way with problems of good and evil, hope and despair, affirmation and negation, beauty and ugliness. She is a novelist of poverty. The sectors of life which she describes at times make even Tobacco Road seem like a country club. She is a materialist, as any social worker must be. The people whom she describes do not have the time nor the energy to listen to discussions about beauty in general, and some formalized soul of man. They are starving, and their plight is not of their own making. There are no jobs for them. They have no food. Their children die of consumption. They are given miserable doles and insubstantial pensions, and in order to gain even this much, the Welfare pries into the most secret phases of their lives, tells them what to do, what to eat, and yes, at times, the Welfare people talk to them of hope and affirmation.

The world which she depicts with such incorruptible honesty is that of one-third of a nation: it is the world of the forgotten man, the forgotten woman, the forgotten child. This world is depicted with ironical overtones. When these people become consumptive owing to the bad conditions in which they must live, the state provides for them at a fine hospital. When these poor people give birth to imbeciles, the imbeciles are given much better attention than are the normal children of the same parents. When these people die, the state will bury them. But while they live, all that they can receive is a miserable pittance that keeps them alive in misery, and in an ugliness that is man-made and that all the sermons, literary and otherwise, will never cure. This is the picture that her books present to us. Her books are major social indictments, and they deal with the most vital problem which faces the American people today.

"Job's House" follows the same line of development as have Mrs. Slade's other books. It is the story of an aged couple who are forced in the last days to apply for relief. Job is a workingman, and he has always earned his own living. He and his wife have put all of their work into a house of which they are proud, and they had conceived this house as providing them with the basis of security in their old age. Job is a shrewd sort of Yankee individualist. While he belongs to the proletariat, he does not possess the class ideas of the modern urban proletariat. In a sense, he and Katie have been sheltered from experiencing many of the shocks of life. They have been unaware of what has been happening to many of their fellow men. It is a severe wrench in the pride and individualism of both Job and his wife when they must apply for relief. But he smothers his pride and does apply. He becomes entangled in the network of Welfare bureaucracy. He is offended by the questions he must answer. But he is found to be eligible for an old age pension. However, the law provides that after he and his wife die, their home will have to be sold to pay back the state for what it has given them in old age pensions. He refuses to accept the pension. In order to live, Job and his wife sell the home into which has gone the best of their long life. They move into a slum, and transform their quarters into a livable and clean home. Job solves his problem.

In this respect, "Job's House" differs from "The Triumph of Willie Pond." It lacks an irony as biting. But Job and his wife belong to an older and a different generation of Americans than did Willie Pond. Job possesses something of the pioneer spirit, and in Job's youth, there were still prevalent the social conditions which motivated that pioneer spirit. Job's solution is not forced: but it is an individual solution. In addition to the story of Job and his wife, there is that of the inhabitants of the tenement house into which they move. This constitutes a little world of characters, those who are broken down and already destroyed by poverty, those who still fight, those who refuse to accept public assistance because their hatred of the Welfare and of being ordered around and having every move of their life dictated to them. Here is a world that is "human-all-too-human." And from such a work, we can learn more of the social character of good and evil, of hope and despair, of beauty and ugliness than we can in all the vague and abstract moral preachments of the critics who are so concerned with some abstracted soul of man that they see, in honest pictures of human souls, only ugliness and wallowing misery.



Gustave Lorey

Caroline Slade "makes 'Tobacco Road' seem a country club."

**JOB'S HOUSE. By Caroline Slade. New York: Vanguard Press. 1941. 318 pp. $2.50.*

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The Saturday Review
of Literature
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Harrison Smith
Publisher
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VIRGINIA WOOLF: 1882-1941

SHE was a great lady. In spite of her distinction as a novelist and essayist, and her wit and indignation as a critic, most of Virginia Woolf's friends would agree that as a person she was even more impressive—if one can use that word of so gracious an elegance. She had no touch of pretentious dignity: she was not solemn or sibylline, as I fancy, George Eliot must have been. Virginia Woolf had an inward gravity which was the more noteworthy because she could be gay, pleasantly frivolous, and had always kept that love of mischief which had led her, when she was a girl, to take part with her brother Adrian and his friends in one of the best-known of practical jokes. With one of the party dressed as the Sultan of Zanzibar they succeeded in paying a visit of inspection to the British fleet, where they were received with royal (or Sultanic) honors on the flagship, and left undiscovered.

That sense of fun, that capacity to play the fool Virginia Woolf never lost; and it is an element in her character which is too frequently ignored or forgotten, though it is shown clearly enough to the discerning in "Orlando," in "A Room of One's Own," and even in "Three Guineas." It is very evident, too, in those most delightful of critical essays, "The Common Reader." In the mingling of profound seriousness with a delicate, gay, innocent malice, Virginia Woolf was not unlike Alice Meynell; yet both were extraordinarily patient in dealing with the devotion of followers and admirers, not always discriminating or intelligent. Virginia Woolf, though of a later generation, was more Victorian than Alice Meynell; for there was never quite so concentrated a Victorian—and I do not use that word as a term of abuse—as was shown in the circle of which Leslie Stephens, Virginia's father, was so conspicuous and fine an example.

Virginia Woolf gave some account of that way of life, its energy, its intellectual honesty, its family pride, its unconscious integrity in "Night and Day," and more obliquely but even more beautifully in "To the Lighthouse." Experimental as is much of her work, bold as it is in its technical innovation, in spirit I think all the novels are sadly, longingly nostalgic. There has, it is true, been a tendency to exaggerate the innovation of her style and technique: the influence of Turgeniev, of Chekov, even of Thackeray is more important than has been realized. Even "The Waves" is not so startling a break in the tradition of English fiction as is the later manner of Henry James or the work of that neglected contemporary of Virginia Woolf, Dorothy Richardson.

In nothing was Virginia Woolf more Victorian than in her attitude to the literary life and to literary circles. It was the oddest irony that she should have become—largely through her Cambridge friends—the acknowledged Queen of that coterie known as the Bloomsbury set. Yet she professed complete innocence. "I have friends who live here, and more friends who live elsewhere. Some of them write; most of them do not. And I do not care for 'literary persons' as such."

Only those who did not know her could ever imagine that Virginia Woolf was a coterie-leader. She never was of the Bloomsbury which claimed her, any more than were her close friends, Morgan Forster and Desmond MacCarthy. Insofar as there was such a thing as Bloomsbury it could not be found in those lovely Regency Squares, nor even in the drawing-room of that other great lady, Ottoline Morrell, who encouraged all the rebels in arts and letters, and read with passionate affection the novels of Wilkie Collins; it was an uncharted region in the confused hearts and heads of little men who came to London from many parts of England, the young of that unfortunate generation whom Lytton Strachey and Aldous Huxley taught that it was more noble to look down than to look up.

Man Ray—Harper's Bazaar
Virginia Woolf

From that smallness Virginia Woolf was so free that I doubt if she even suspected its existence in others. Her essential nobility made her unwearyingly generous to the work of others; her taste, almost impeccable in its range, was limited, but she never spent time in attacking or depreciating work she thought unimportant or bad. She preferred to praise and encourage those whose work she liked. And here she had her reward, though it was one on which she set little store. No artist of our day, except Max Beerbohm, was so generally acclaimed by fellow-artists. No one that I know of failed to recognize the integrity, the beauty, and the seriousness of her work. She provoked no jealousy nor envy in others: and her fellow-women artists—May Sinclair, Ethel Colburn Mayne (that short-story writer of genius), Stella Benson—were warm in her praise. To those who heard or overheard the more tiresome backstairs squeals and squabbles of the post-war years in the high-pitched cocktail-parties of the intelligentsia, perhaps the tribute paid to Virginia Woolf by the men was more remarkable. Even the shrill little crowd who, a generation earlier, would have flaunted the green carnation, acknowledged the supremacy of Virginia Woolf.

That supremacy was acknowledged partly, I think, because she was so essentially a feminine author. And her feminism was of the sound, old-fashioned Victorian kind—the kind to which Elizabeth Barrett witnessed when she left Father and Marylebone for Robert Browning and Italy; the kind of feminism which takes its stand on the inexpugnable thesis that a woman has a right, a duty, to claim certain privileges precisely because she is a woman. In "A Room of One's Own," Virginia Woolf has put the case unanswerably. There are slips in that essay and worse ones in "Three Guineas." More men than Virginia guessed, have written in circumstances as apparently inappropriate as those enjoyed by Miss Austen in the family parlor. What matters in the book is the simple assertion that it is bad for the race, for culture, for domestic decency, for the arts to ask any woman to put up with a lower standard of living because she is a woman. The truth of that simple statement is not affected by the fact that more men than Virginia Woolf admitted have sacrificed themselves to women.

I have called her work nostalgic. As I recall the novels from "The Voyage

(*Continued on page* 19)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Wilson's Case

SIR:—If Deborah Higbee Hogarth [*SRL*, March 29] will look on page 134 of "Crusader in Crinoline," she will see that I have placed the Lyman Beecher house in Cincinnati correctly at the corner of Gilbert Avenue and Foraker Street. My misstatement of the address occurred in a publicity item the information for which I supplied offhand a year after I had visited Cincinnati.

In that city I heard a number of times of a movement, or at any rate an agitation on the part of individuals and club groups, to buy the Beecher house for a public memorial, on the mistaken theory that Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin" there. One of my informants was Miss Eleanor S. Wilby, librarian of the Ohio Historical and Philosophical Society.

The Beecher house on Walnut Hills was built in 1833 (not 1832) and was not occupied by Dr. Beecher until the end of 1833 or early part of 1834. Harriet Beecher remained down in Cincinnati, boarding near her sister's school, where she taught classes of girls. When her bridegroom left for Europe in the spring of 1836, young Mrs. Stowe returned to her father's roof and remained there until Professor Stowe's return in January, 1837. Meanwhile, in September, 1836, she had given birth to twin girls, her oldest children. Two or three years later Lane Theological Seminary built for Professor Stowe a faculty house, which he and his family occupied until they left Cincinnati in 1850.

When Mrs. Stowe revisited Cincinnati in 1873, she was quite capable of conveying to the owner of the old Beecher house the pleasing information that she had written some of her "Uncle Tom" sketches there, while her children played about her feet, for she was fond of dramatizing her past life with little regard for the facts. Actually such a story is preposterous, since the only children she had in that house were but four months old when she left it.

The truth is that in 1836 "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was not yet even a gleam in Mrs. Stowe's eye, and it was hardly a gleam when she started to write it in March, 1851, for she extemporized the story as she went along. So far as I can discover, the only previous writing she had done on the theme of slavery was a short story called "Uncle Sam's Emancipation," and this tale contained little or no propaganda for Abolition.

FORREST WILSON.

Weston, Conn.

Pessimism vs. Cynicism

SIR:—Though I find myself in complete sympathy with Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's opposition to the destructive

drive behind so much of our modern literature, expressed in his excellent "Fashions in Defeatism" [*SRL*, March 22]. I think his case may be strengthened somewhat by a comment in the margin of his page. For by confusing "pessimism" and "cynicism" at the outset, using the terms interchangeably, he inadvertently condemns the greatest literature of the past along with the least of our present. It may be entirely just to say: "It seems as if our writers passively wallowed in misery, calling it fate"; but how much more apt the phrase is with reference to Shakespearean tragedy, or Greek drama, or Russian fiction! John Donne wrote in the 17th century: "Let him (Man) be a world, and him self will be the land, and misery the sea. His misery, as the sea, swells above all the hilles, and reaches to the remotest parts of this earth, Man." This is merely the orthodox literary picture of the state of mankind, inhabiting this well-known Vale of Tears, as it has been expressed in literature since long before "Ecclesiastes," as it has been recognized and identified by the great minds of a past that goes back to the limit of human memory. Donne was not referring to the world of Faulkner and Farrell and Dos Passos.

Perhaps the most unadulterated and relentless expression of the pessimistic view occurs in "Moby Dick." Never for a moment does Melville allow it to be doubted that man is doomed to destruction, for all his valiance, by the evil outside him, that Ahab is fated, in the end, to be torn and consumed by that white symbol of everlasting evil which he vainly seeks to overcome. Is this not pessimism, is it not wallowing in misery and calling it fate? But it is not ugly, and it is not ugly precisely because it is the opposite of cynicism. Ahab, the doomed man, is yet the hero of "Moby Dick"; it is his example, not the whale's, which is held up to us for our emulation and approval. We have *more* courage, *more* strength, *more* pride and sense of power, for the example he has given us. We are not weakened and depressed, but rather purged and exalted by this recognition of the challenge that man faces in this world.

Pessimism, when it is creative, shows man what he is up against in this world, and thus prepares him to meet it. Cynicism identifies him with the evil and thus dissuades him from opposing it. The one purges us of fear by openly naming the enemy while distinguishing us; the other disarms us by destroying the confidence we have in our own distinction. Surely Mr. Brooks did not intend to fell a long and uniquely honorable literary tradition with the same blow that he directed against its current bastard.

LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

New York City.

Switalski on Mikolajczak

SIR:—In the last line of Oliver La Farge's fine poem, "Draft Names Drawn" [*SRL*, March 8], he asks: "How do you pronounce Mikolajczak?" The answer is "Me-ko-lie-cha(l)k," except that the "o" is similar to that in "orb," while the barred "l" sound approximates the English "w".

Before the present war this name was most common in the western Polish provinces of Poznania and Pomorze, which have now been "reincorporated" into the German Reich. It derives from "Mikolaj" (Nicholas).

Far from being as formidable as the words appear to Anglo-Saxons, Polish pronunciation is not difficult. Unlike English, letter combinations can only be pronounced one way and the accent is always on the penult. "Sz" is pronounced like the German "sch." "Rz" and "z," as in Zeromski, are like the French "j". "Dz" before "i" ounds like our "j", while the Polish "j" is like our "y". As in German, "w" is used for the English "v" or "ff" sound. Thus the "wl" in Reymont's name "Wladyslaw" is not unlike the "fl" in "flash." Actually, the most difficult thing for an American to master in Polish is the rolling of the "r" and that is a characteristic not confined to Slavonic languages.

JOHN SWITALSKI.

Chicago, Illinois.

Erratum

In a letter to the editor, in last week's issue, by Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., concerning Sherwood Anderson's election to the Institute, Paul Elmer More's name was printed as Paul Elmer Ware. The editors deeply regret the error.

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Five Veterans

THE GAP OF BRIGHTNESS. By F. R. Higgins. New York: The Macmillan Co. 85 *pp.* $1.25.

POEMS, 1925-1940. By Louis MacNeice. New York: Random House. 326 *pp.* $2.50.

DEATH AT SEA. By Frederic Prokosch. New York: Harper & Bros. 52 *pp.* $2.

AND IN THE HUMAN HEART. By Conrad Aiken. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 87 *pp.* $1.50.

50 POEMS. By E. E. Cummings. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 50 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

THE recent death of F. R. Higgins, coming so soon after that of his great friend and patron William Butler Yeats, underscores that irreplaceable loss to contemporary literature. Higgins was not a prolific poet, and even this small and carefully weeded-out selection is remarkably uneven; but at his best—in such poems as "At Flock Mass" and "The Old Jockey" and "Song for the Clatter Bones," with its memorable opening:

> God rest that Jewy woman,
> Queen Jezebel, the bitch—

he both challenges and amply rewards the closest reading. His failures are failures either of imitation—of Gogarty, of Colum, of Yeats—or of a blustering selfconscious Irishness that recalls St. Patrick's Night in South Boston rather than in Dublin. But when he is not Insisting on the Green, and, above all, when he comes out of another husband's bedroom at last and sits down before his own fire, his poems are honest and right.

Louis MacNeice is at once a more exciting and a more disappointing Irishman. A few years ago, with the first Faber publication of his poems, he seemed to me the most promising member of Auden & Co., Ltd. I can still remember the thrill with which I first read "Eclogue by a Five-Barred Gate"—which is still a fine poem, in spite of its inept last four lines—and the "Eclogue for Christmas"; or, later, the superb *élan* of the last two stanzas of his translation of Horace's "Solvitur acris hiems"; or, still later, certain of the Iceland poems, and "Bagpipe Music," and perhaps a few pages of *Autumn Journal.* But he is too facile, and certainly he publishes too much. It is all very well for him to say that he writes because he enjoys it, "as one enjoys swimming or swearing," in his latest poems, at least, he seldom communicates that enjoyment—only a sense of skill, a trick neatly and rather too smartly turned, an insistence upon being heard on every subject at every possible moment. He still remains an exasperating and fascinating craftsman; but an oath of silence for a year, say, would hurt him not at all, and I suspect that it would revitalize his poetry.

Mr. Prokosch, I am informed, has already voluntarily undertaken a perpetual oath of silence, so far as American publication is concerned. That is a pity, for he has great charm, his books are always beautifully printed, and occasionally his rhetoric yields to meaning. "No poet living has a sweeter line," one is tempted to say, unless indeed it be Mr. Conrad Aiken in his new transformation; and although he is plainly discouraging when he essays the grand manner—

> And yet, O has the struggle really
> a meaning?—

a sweet line is something in these far from sweet days.

For Mr. Aiken it seems to be everything. The almost unanimous critical silence that greeted "And in the Human Heart" seems to have puzzled several persons, and certainly has provoked one of the editors of *The New Republic* to a moving defence of the work and its author, in the unusual shape of a review of the magazine's own review. The defense is that "No one living" etc., and, moreover, that Mr. Aiken knows how to make patterns with his vowels and consonants. Only a tone-deaf man could deny this; but it seems to me to have very little to do with the book as poetry, and nothing whatever to do with the silence that the book evoked. I have read this sonnet sequence several times, and carefully, and can report only that it is a Shakespeare-cum-Millay-cum-Hillyer pastiche of rhetoric, with none of the force of Shakespeare, none of the freedom of Millay, and none of the grace of Hillyer. It is a set of extremely sterile exercises, performed with great technical ability—but Czerny nevertheless. And the fact that it is no pleasure to write in this way about the author of "Senlin" and "The Jig of Forslin" and "Preludes for Memnon" and "The Coming Forth by Day of Osiris Jones" suggests to me a possible reason for the book's neglect. When an experienced and admired leader commits an outright *gaffe,* a *lapsus* not only *calami* but *totius corporis,* the decent thing to do is to look away and shut up. I am sorry that I was not able to do so upon this occasion.

Mr. Cummings's "50 Poems" is a splendid example of marking time: no advance, no retreat, the same marvelous tricks and ribald twitches and occasional socking of the topmost bell.

On the march and otherwise: Frederic Prokosch, E. E. Cummings, Conrad Aiken.

I have always read him with a delight that this book does nothing to diminish; and if, as I suspect, my enthusiasm is largely undergraduate, it is nevertheless as inevitably a part of me as my excellently functioning patellar reflex. The reader who is anti-Cummings will not be converted by these poems; the non-partisan will emit "no sound of joy or sorrow"; the addict, like myself, will reach unblushingly for this hair of the dog that bit him twenty years ago, and hope for many many more of the same *in vitam venturi saeculi, Amen.*

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 367)

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This edifice raised by printing is colossal. . . . The whole human race is upon the scaffolding. . . . The most humble may stop a hole or place a stone. . . . It is a refuge promised to intelligence from another Deluge, against an overflow of barbarians.

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Reappraisal and Prophecy

POEMS: 1930-1940. By Horace Gregory. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1941. 163 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

BEGINNING with "Chelsea Rooming House" ten years ago, the three books of poetry published by Horace Gregory have had their admirers, even their imitators. Approved by the casual reviewers and applauded by the critically discriminating, Gregory has enjoyed neither acclaim for the way in which he has mastered his material nor credit for the power of his influence.

The publication of this volume, which assembles the contents of the three books with the addition of seventeen new poems, will be the signal for a new estimate. It will be—if I may be allowed a brief fling at prophecy—the occasion of a reappraisal which will finally establish Gregory's importance as creator and catalytic agent. A re-reading of "Chelsea Rooming House" will reveal that Gregory came at a time when the younger writers were bewildered by the confusion of tried responses and novel reactions, by a personal romanticism which they distrusted and a depersonalized realism which they disliked. They were equally divided in their allegiance to a traditional technique which promised a quick and common understanding, and experiments in "new" sensations—the logic of metaphor, the free play of the image, the substitution of allusion for statement —experiments which were all too likely to bring the dread charge of obscurity.

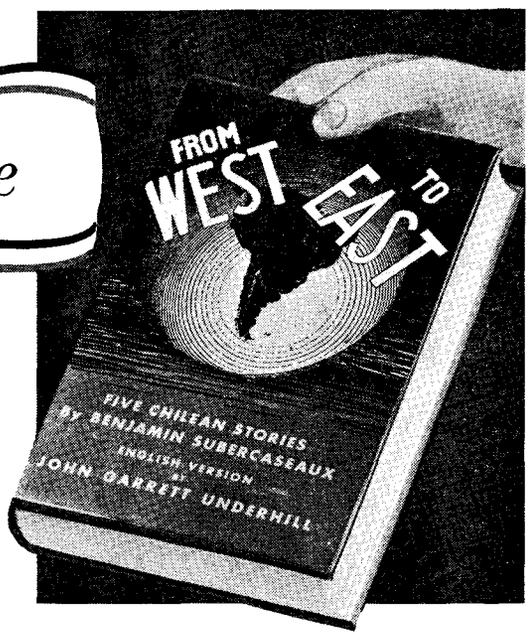
Gregory was one of the first to act affirmatively. His poetry met the problem by an acceptance of the dichotomy, and by fusing the contradictory elements. His technique is particularly interesting. Like Eliot, he is fond of the dissonant chord and unresolved suspense; like Hart Crane he crowds image upon image to increase sensation and suggest a new perspective. But he does not share Eliot's disillusion nor Crane's disorganization. There is constant control as well as positive belief in Gregory's poetry; his faith is a social faith. His method and manner created a new tone, half-ruminative, half-lyrical, superficially disruptive yet somehow integrated. "Chelsea Rooming House" is a sort of "Spoon River" set down in lower Manhattan; but whereas the tone of Masters's book is classic-elegiac, Gregory's is tough and complex, violent and contemporary.

More than ever Gregory attains an expression which is closely packed yet not dense, highly imaginative without becoming fantastic. His intensity sometimes disturbs continuity, but (the poet might well insist) so does modern life. Dogmas about form and content have been as rudely shaken as our conceptions of time and space. Poems like those in "No Retreat" and "Chorus for Survival" (significant titles) take cognizance of these rapid changes in conception. They cannot be read as straight narratives, for they indulge in a freedom of form and effect: they employ the montage of the cinema, the interrupting voice of the quick-changing telephone dial, the summoned stations of the air with finger-tip control. Gregory's poems retain the sudden shifts of mood and tense, of sentiment and anti-poetic fact, of poignant nostalgia and objective contemplation. By the very juxtaposition of elliptical statement and powerful suggestion, they create characters and dreams of the immediate present. The new "Monologues from The Passion of M'Phail" are the maturest examples of Gregory's method; they present the living moment as though it were already a part of history. Completing the earlier verse and giving it a growing design, they reflect "the forces of the past focussed upon the present."

I began by saying that the book is important; I should end by saying it is exciting. Putting aside the yardstick of the appraiser and once more assuming the robe of the crystal-gazer, I predict that this volume will be awarded this year's Pulitzer for Poetry. I predict, moreover, that it will be an easy winner.

Readers not yet familiar with New Directions's *Poet of the Month* booklets may do well to make their first acquaintance by way of a brief selection from John Donne: "Some Poems and a Devotion." This volume includes the passage, from the too-little-known "Devotions and Death's Duel," about the tolling bell, from which Hemingway's title was taken.

From Chile ...has come a book that will open your eyes to the cultural riches of our South American neighbor.



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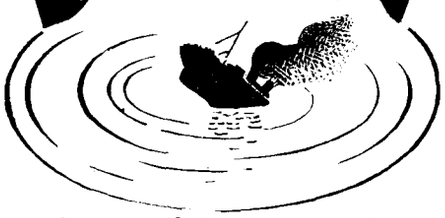
THE JERVIS BAY GOES DOWN



A poem that commemorates one of the most gallant and heroic episodes in all the history of the sea.

BY

GENE FOWLER

THE JERVIS BAY went down in mid-ocean on November 5, 1940. A rickety old liner, converted into an armed merchant cruiser, she sacrificed herself deliberately in a hopeless encounter with a Nazi pocket battleship in order that twenty-nine ships in a convoy might successfully effect their escape. Mr. Fowler's stirring poem about this incident was first recited over the radio by *Mr. Ronald Colman* in a nation-wide broadcast for a *Help Greece* program. Its fame has been spreading ever since.

The author's royalties, and the publisher's profits from the sale of this edition will be donated in full to the BUNDLES FOR BRITAIN FUND.

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Smith...

THE GANG'S ALL HERE. By Harvey Smith. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1941. 325 *pp., plus XVII.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

MR. SMITH has run into a bit of bad luck. The notion on which his book is founded is the notion of giving the real, instead of the formal, biographies of members of the twenty-five year class at an ivy college (here somewhat flatly called "Nostalgia University"), but the trouble is, of course, that Mr. Marquand has stolen the thunder. Which means that "The Gang's All Here" may be best approached as the imaginary documentation of Mr. Marquand's imaginative work. This is what the other members of the class are supposed to be like.

Mr. Smith has room for some sixty sketches, which run from a single damnifying sentence to such an elaborate biographical sketch as that of Adelbert L'Hommedieu X. Hormone. It is no necessary derogation from his book that the humor is about the humor of alumni magazines and college reunions, for that, of course, is what he intended it to be. The farcical is very farcical, the sarcastic is very sarcastic, and the sentimental is of an obvious and rudimentary order. A song to alma mater, printed in the end-papers of the book, is very like the high school alma mater which makes "Lady in the Dark" amusing. The reunion exists mostly to tell stories, play practical jokes, and get drunk. The principal college reminiscences of the sixty concern football, troubles with the dean, practical jokes, ways and means of earning money while in college (and out of it), and the cheerful irresponsibility of extra-curricular activities. Nobody, so far as the book reveals, was influenced by the faculty, his classes, his books, or the general college atmosphere, in the direction of something like intellectual adulthood, so that "The Gang's All Here" is another document in the long line of books and movies which hint that all most people get out of college is good fellowship and the playboy spirit. It seems an immense distance from the twenty-five year class at Nostalgia to the present uproar at C.C.N.Y., fears for the pacificism of undergraduates, or the relative grim and serious mood which now covers most American campuses. But perhaps Mr. Smith intended to emphasize the contrast—I don't know. His book is an amusing travesty at the worst, and in the spirit of good social comedy at the best.

Skidmore...

HAWK'S NEST. By Hubert Skidmore. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1941. 368 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM JAY GOLD

THEY were digging a three-mile tunnel through a mountain at Gauley Bridge, West Virginia. All over the country a deepening depression was driving men to look feverishly for jobs. It was hard work in the tunnel, where it was always dark and the air was laden with dust so that it seemed milky and you couldn't breathe easily. But men came from the hills and the mines and the cities, eager for any kind of work. As the labor supply increased, wages dropped from forty cents to twenty-five cents an hour, and you could take it or leave it. The workers at Gauley Bridge took it. The foremen pushed the men hard to get the digging finished; and then men began to get sick, and some of them died suddenly. When the digging was completed hundreds had died and were dying, and only then did the secret become known: they had contracted silicosis, which is easy to prevent and impossible to cure. There was a Senate investigation, and some indemnity was paid to survivors and relatives.

Maybe you remember something of this, for it happened only ten years ago. Hubert Skidmore has written a novel about it, a book charged with passionate indignation. It isn't a proletarian novel: it's just the story of some people who came to work at Gauley Bridge. The manner and method are very much like that of the documentary film: the narrative is built up slowly in segments which are gradually woven together. The tone is restrained, almost given to understatement, but when Mr. Skidmore has finished, the story makes a unified whole and there's no question of its meaning.

"Hawk's Nest," then, is the story of Lock and Daisy Mullens, who came down from the hills to earn enough money to buy a farm; of the Reips, who were held together in desperate times by Maw, trying to save enough to get them all back to the land; of Bill Legg and Jim Martin and Owl, who were simply migratory workers; of Anna and Pete, who came from the coal mines at Carbondale; of a once prosperous insurance salesman; and of the jobless, the homeless who came to Gauley Bridge to work and to die.

It isn't a pretty story, but it is convincing. There's some Steinbeck in it, and some Dos Passos. It is impossible to read "Hawk's Nest" and remain unmoved.

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Watson . . .

PRIEST ISLAND. By E. L. Grant Watson. New York: Smith & Durrell. 1941. 292 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THE novelist who undertakes to work with the simplest and least spectacular materials submits himself to the severest test that the practice of his art affords. Violence in fiction may be made to pass for power; exciting or strange events, however described, command a kind of attention; swift narration often conceals poverty of content; popular preachments win acceptance as timeless wisdom; and mere entertainment must always be welcome for its own sake.

But the novelist who chooses to write only, let us say, of an island, a man, a woman, the memory of another woman, and a child—without benefit of substantial background, entertaining trimmings, or complex and stirring actions—must rely heavily upon art, for in these simple fictional elements there is no intrinsic interest or significance: interest and significance must be created. Mr. E. L. Grant Watson has so relied in "Priest Island," and his reliance has not been placed amiss. It is only when we encounter purely creative writing in a novel that we realize its rarity: between encounters we are given, perhaps happily, to forgetfulness.

Peter Costello, convicted of stealing sheep, is declared an "outlaw"—in accordance with a legal code so old as to make his story dateless—and is banished to a small uninhabited island some ten miles off shore, under sentence that his life shall be forfeit if he ever attempts to return to the mainland. This mainland is presumably the west country of England, but place like time remains undefined. Left with a sack of potatoes and a few primitive tools, to survive if he can, he does survive, living alone for two years, save for a single brief visit by a friend. Then one night a sturdy peasant girl, driven by her own loneliness and fascinated by what she has heard of the outcast, rows to the island to join her fate with his; and in the boat she carries a few supplies, some hens, and a goat. The two lives merge, and a child is born. Peter's friend brings a priest to the island and the child is baptized, but Peter, still smarting under the outlaw brand, is not yet quite ready, when the story ends, for the marriage ceremony offered by the priest and desired by Mary.

That is the tale of "Priest Island," or rather the bare bones of it. What matters is the telling, the author's imaginative projection of himself into his subject, and his realization of its potentialities. Peter's mental processes, in reaction to the sentence that has set him apart from all his kind, are made fascinating. His most commonplace activities assume significance. The island scene, with its changing weather and ceaseless variations of winds and waves, impresses itself upon us until the impression is almost physical. The relationship of the outlaw and the girl, from their first meeting, is drawn with remarkable understanding and sensibility. She brings satisfaction to his lonely flesh, yes. But she robs him, too. Living in solitude, Peter has peopled the island with his own imagination and his memory, and has held converse with his visitors. At Mary's solid approach the shadowy beings fly. The sight of her, free to go where and when she wishes, is a constant stinging reminder that he cannot go. And for a long time there lies between them his memory of Jean, for whose sake those sheep had been so foolishly stolen. Mary's battle is not an easy one, but she fights it without wiles, by merely being herself, and triumphs through character. When we take leave of "Priest Island" we feel that it harbors a man and a woman who have found themselves in the dark wood of the world where so many stray.

I have said that this novel is an example of purely creative writing. This does not mean that it is great writing, for creation need not be on the grand scale. It is good writing of a rare sort, informed with a poetry that is pervasive but unobtrusive; and I cannot imagine its failing to give solid satisfaction to any thoughful reader. Those who ignore "Priest Island" will be the losers.

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New Ponce de Leon

MUST WE GROW OLD? By Barclay Newman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1941. 269 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS BERMAN, M.D.

JACQUES LOEB once wrote that the ultimate objective of biology, the science of life, was the creation of life. As a supplement to that ideal, the ultimate objective of medicine, which is the application of the knowledge attained by the various sciences of life and health to the understanding, prevention, and treatment of disease, might be said to be the indefinite prolongation of life. How far from or how near are we to that goal?

Nothing has ever been accomplished in reality that was not first acquired in imagination. Men had to imagine themselves flying, at least on a flying carpet, before they built planes, and to visualize themselves riding beneath the waters of the sea before they made submersibles. The dream of a fountain of youth, of an elixir perpetually renewing the springs of vitality, has haunted the human mind for as long as he has recorded his dreams. What are the prospects of fulfillment of that dream? Will it ever get beyond the stages of wishful thinking?

The prevention of death may be regarded as the supreme problem of practical medicine. The pursuit of that problem leads to the study of those degenerations and involutions, injuries and reactions which constitute the transitions between youthful maturity and pre-mortal senescence. Will the time ever come when we shall understand why the organism and personality are at the peak of their powers and why they are reduced to the status of impotence and pathology which is the prelude to the finale of the ultimate disintegration and dissolution?

Should the symptoms of aging be studied as the natural inevitables of a cyclic process, or as a disease per se, or as the accumulative by-products of insidious illness overtaking vital tissues and organs losing more and more of their capacity to overcome the insidious attacks and poisonings of the micro-organisms which would live upon them? Such an analysis seems futile fatalism to the inquiring modern. Probably they are all of these, a combination of results made possible by a configuration of causes. The question is: can we learn these causes in relation to their effects, and can we learn to control them? In the days before the researches of Pasteur, Koch, and Behring, it was natural and inevitable that a weak child should die of diphtheria and diphtheria toxin poisoning. But the administration of diphtheria antitoxin has made it entirely evitable and such a death now seems quite unnatural.

Barclay Newman, the author of this book, is strongly anti-fatalist as regards the problem of degeneration, aging, and death. He belongs to the group of thinkers who might be called the controlists as opposed to the fatalists. Or at any rate he has attempted to present the modern evidence in their favor. The controlists are now just beginning to have their innings and I believe we shall see them bat the home runs in the game of biological research. How long it will take them to run up a score and finally to win the game no one can say. It may be called on account of darkness, but it will be resumed wherever the light of passionate interest and curiosity is turned to investigation of this most fascinating of all scientific problems.

Foods and their variable chemical contents, vitamins and hormones as catalysts, cholesterol and arteriosclerosis, cancer and the sex glands are considered. He has included many interesting new findings in the field. Although certain quirks of journalistic reporting and style have crept in, he has really tried to be up-to-date in his digest of the pioneer work in this field.

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Clutterwick and Shuttleforth

DON'T, MR. DISRAELI: A VICTORIAN WHATNOT. By Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1941. 322 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

THE English, we are told, have not lost their sense of humor in this crisis. They can joke even in an air-raid shelter. This mad book is certainly a joke (whether a good one or a bad one depends on your taste in such matters) and piles confusion on confusion in a way to suggest at least an air-raid, if not an all-out invasion. But the authors must have carried a good-sized Victorian library with them to their shelter. Their whatnot is piled to the breaking-point with the *débris* of Victorian literature. And we mean *débris.*

"Don't Mr. Disraeli" is something —a fantasy, a whimsy, a hoax—in the form of a novel. The plot of "Romeo and Juliet" is laid out for Julian Clutterwick and Julia Shuttleforth, or maybe it is Julian Shuttleforth and Julia Clutterwick, children of good Victorian families of the City, long at eternal feud. Several dozens of characters fresh from Dickens and E. F. Benson weave unsteadily in and out in a series of incidents which now and then quite deliberately have something to do with the plot. Time is treated in the cavalier fashion the layman likes to attribute to Einstein, who, by the way, appears here as a rapt lad proving that a curve is the shortest distance between two points in a plane. Harpo Marx chases a blond through the book, and in the last sequence is himself chased by Lady Caroline Lamb. Everything comes out well in the end.

It is all very mad and glad and not very bad, though Julia does snuggle down at a certain point and remark to herself, "And they told me this was worse than death!" If you must have categories—and how uncomfortable these authors would be in a category!—"Don't, Mr. Disraeli" is the English literary fantasy gone haywire, ga-ga, or otherwise modernist. It is "Zuleika Dobson" in Hollywood, but still aware of the Great Tradition. If you like Max Beerbohm and if you like the Marx Brothers and if you can bear to think of them as mashed up together, you may like this book very much. But if you are leery of the English when they go into a whimsy, you'd better try to forget the war some other way.

Virginia Woolf

(*Continued from page* 12)

Out" to "The Years," I see no reason to modify that judgment: but I must say that to me nostalgia for the past in time does not mean retrogression. It has been one of our major errors in criticism to write in terms of time and fashion about qualities which are only to be discussed in terms of value —and that is, as symbols of eternity. We do not know more about living, about beauty, about truth, about justice than did our ancestors: we just possess a greater variety of gadgets to distract us from our own ignorance. The sadness which is in so much of Virginia Woolf's work, the almost unbearable longing in some pages of "Orlando," the craving for life's enrichment, for a deepening of human sympathy in "Mrs. Dalloway" and "Jacob's Room"—all of these are no sign of an idly regretful temperament, sighing for a lost world of certainties and sanctions. The sigh is there, the longing is there; but the artist is claiming for herself, for us, the right to continue in the determination to regain something lost, something precious which can be, must be regained if men and women are to be whole again.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

The Indiana Faith

(*Continued from page* 4)

ity; even in its heyday the Hoosiers were proud of native novelists who set florid romances in remote and fantastic scenes, and never cared much for those who, like Edward Eggleston and Tarkington in the first magazine instalment of "The Gentleman from Indiana," attempted a veracious picture of the local scene. (Bowman says they eye their surroundings more realistically now.) Still it was the tradition, and a salutary one; "they didn't say anything, they just laughed" is a corrective that can profitably be borne in mind by any second-rate man. But they didn't laugh—not enough of them, anyway—at the tenth-raters whom the Klan put up to lord it over them; and it may be a good sign that they don't laugh at a man who hitches his wagon to a star, even if it turned out that the first star he picked was only a fire balloon sent up from the county fair grounds. The planet spins faster, and may have got ahead of Jacksonian democracy for all time; but it had its merits in its day, and the memory of it may be beneficial, even in an age when the world seems likely to need men who are not afraid of being laughed at.

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"As important in its way as in a far different way was *Spoon River Anthology.* The book is full of charming humor; it is also excellent history, and not a bad source book for child psychologists."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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TRADE WINDS

THE engrossing tales of Emily Hahn about China that have appeared from time to time in the pages of *The New Yorker* have brought to Miss Hahn a deservedly high reputation. Now Doubleday, Doran is publishing her new book, *The Soong Sisters,* on April 18. Miss Hahn's work, most of which was written in Chunking, capital of the present Chinese government, is the authorized biography. All existing records were placed at her disposal, and she enjoyed the advantage of personal friendship with the principals themselves. The Soong sisters are Madame Chiang, wife of the Generalissimo; Madame Sun, widow of the great Sun Yat-Sen, father of the Chinese revolution; and Madame Kung, wife of the financial minister. Few women in history have played such important and prominent roles in the reconstruction of their country. Emily Hahn was born in St. Louis and graduated from the University of Wisconsin with a degree in mining engineering.

★ ★

☞Lippincott's recently received the following tribute and/or request:

Knowing the highly educated and cultured staff of J. N. Lippincott Co. is kind and generous I take this liberty of writing this letter and ask you to please understand I live in a small Brazilian town and it is extremely difficult not to say impossible to buy the excellent books you publish. So, I want you to please, if you don't mind, if possible, one or two books because this will oblige me *almost* forever. Hoping you will not deny me this great favour, I beg to remain, in the expectance of an early reply. Wishing you success, happiness and fortune.

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★ ★

☞The April issue of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* is a Canadian Poets Number, edited by George Dillon, with E. K. Brown of the University of Toronto as guest editor. A brief survey article on Canadian poetry, as the lead editorial, furnishes a critical and historical summary of Canadian poetry of interest to student, poet, and the general layman, as well as an analysis of the economic and psychological reasons, and regional identities and loyalties which handicap the wider spread of knowledge of Canadian poetry both in the United States and England, as well as in Canada itself. Included among the poets are: Duncan Campbell Scott, A. M. Klein, Floris Clark McLaren, Leo Kennedy, and Pelham Edgar.

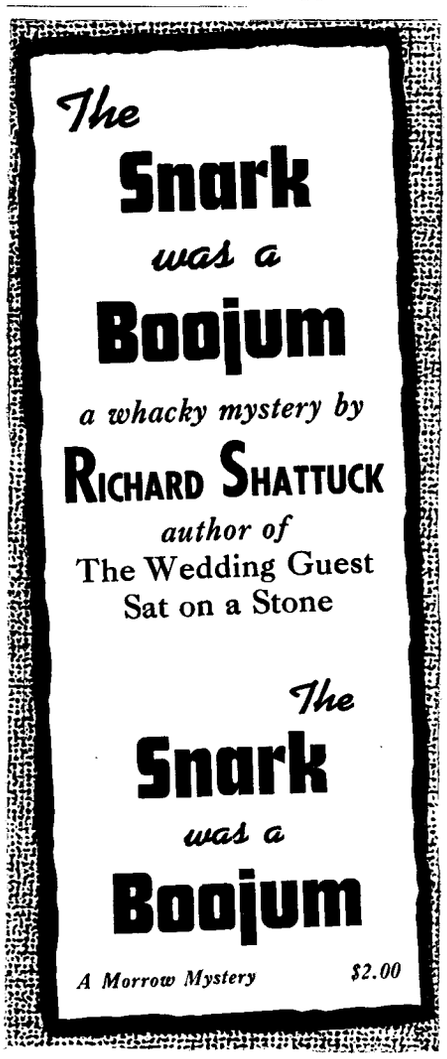
★ ★

☞When May (the month) and Henry Holt and Company come together it means something extraordinary in publishing. This time comes the announcement that the full text of Charles Fort's four famous books of non-fiction will be issued in an omnibus volume. Tiffany Thayer has contributed a preface on behalf of the Fortean Society.

★ ★

☞Members of the American Booksellers Association are looking forward with lots of excitement and interest to their annual convention to be held in the nation's capital on May 4, 5, 6, 7. The Washington meeting, the first held away from New York City in the past ten years, gives many of the New York members an opportunity to get away from their offices and shops and, for once, to view the meetings from surroundings less familiar. What appears to be a rather enjoyable part of the four-day session is a 75-mile cruise on the Potomac, as well as a bus tour to Mt. Vernon, Arlington, and Alexandria. ☞By special permission, members of the convention will visit the White House. This is indeed, some sort of scoop: the White House has been closed to the public since international and national affairs compelled the Secret Service to tighten its precautions.

LOUIS GREENFIELD.



The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
A CURTAIN FOR CRIME *M. P. Rea* (Crime Club: $2.)	Fatal bludgeoning of hated dept. store boss and two other deaths involve jittery bunch of employees. Hom.-squadder Powledge works effectively.	Business and private affairs of store workers convincingly ventilated, and breezy characterizations brighten bleakly motivated and capably handled plot.	Exhilarating
DREADFUL RECKONING *Charlotte Murray Russell* (Crime Club: $2.)	Many members of plutocratic Chicago clan suspected of envenoming guest at septuagenarian's birthday celebration. Detective Peck, with amateur aid, solves case.	Forsaking Jane Amanda Edwards for nonce author turns in well-constructed and trucu-lently characterized yarn of family fights that took murderous turn to new detective.	Well worth while
THE AFFAIR OF THE CRIMSON GULL *Clifford Knight* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Summer colony on Lake Tahoe shocked by murders of tycoon's secretary and eccentric surgeon—but Huntoon Rogers is fortunately present.	Old Indian curse plays shivery part in deftly characterized, straightforward and satisfactorily baffling tale of smouldering hate that flamed murderously.	Laudable
THE SNARK WAS A BOOJUM *Richard Shattuck* (Morrow: $2.)	Strangulation, electrocution and possible poison carry off will-bearing family lawyer in expectant—and how—Mass. mansion. Hopeful bachelor solves it.	Improperly snickersome throughout. Murder is quite incidental, but hilarious improprieties should amuse readers with taste for Boccacian revelry.	High

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THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

THE GULLS FLY INLAND. By Sylvia Thompson. Little, Brown. 1941. 278 *pp.* $2.50.

From a country house somewhere on the coast of England during the present war Blanche Lancret reviews her life and tells of its involvement with a number of picturesque persons, chief among them an American, Vernon Strudwick. As the gulls fly inland in time of storm to wait for calm, this period of waiting for her lover's freedom from his wife and from the hazards of war gives the young French woman a chance to record in her journal the circumstances which led up to her emotional crisis.

Stripped to the bone the plot of "The Gulls Fly Inland" is not unusual. Blanche, daughter of a French savant, is sent to an English boarding school where she and Boston-born Anabella Strudwick become friends. While she is still a school girl she meets Vernon, Anabella's brother, with whom she falls in love. Why, it is a little hard to understand. The two young people are engaged, and separated by what seems a most unreasonable crotchet on Vernon's part. He marries Leonora and Blanche is unable to forget him, even with other men surrounding and admiring her. Several years later, they become lovers. Leonara makes divorce impossible because of an Austrian refugee child she has adopted. But the solution is not so simple in a war world. It is a delicate book, charmingly written.

R. B.

International

MY NARROW ISLE: THE STORY OF A MODERN WOMAN IN JAPAN. By Sumie Seo Mishima. John Day: 1941. 280 *pp.* $2.75.

A striking fact, not often noted, is emphasized in a review of Mme. Chiang Kai-shek's new book in the November, 1940, issue of ***The Annals*** *of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.* The writer states: . . . an "inquirer may be struck also by the difficulty of naming women in any of the totalitarian states equal in mental, moral, and social stature to Mme. Chiang, Mrs. Roosevelt, and Queen Elizabeth of their respective democratically inclined lands." He who would understand this situation, in the case of Japan at least, will find illumination in the pages of Sumie Mishima's work. It throws searching light on the trend of Japanese thought since the early 1920's when, in the prosperous, semi-liberal, years following the World War, Sumie Mishima crossed the threshold of womanhood. Her eyes were turned to the West: after struggles with conservative members of the family, who would have preferred that she marry at once, difficulties were overcome, the young girl won a scholarship, travelled to America, and entered Dana Hall School, Wellesley, to prepare herself for College. From Dana Hall she was graduated at the head of the honor roll, and the next autumn entered Wellesley College.

Seven happy years were passed in the United States before Sumie Mishima embarked for home, using every penny she possessed that she might visit Europe on the way.

The Japan to which she returned in 1927 was a different country indeed from the one she had left: the glory which had once enveloped "all returners from the West," no longer shone; the high prosperity of 1920 had given place to deep depression. Sumie Mishima had imagined, when starting for America, that on her return she would find any number of important positions to choose from. The reverse was the case. Men of ability were unemployed and anxious to work for low pay; to women it seemed, all doors were closed.

After seventy years women like Sumie Mishima and the Baroness Ishimoto, who attempt to abolish mediaeval conditions, are still pioneers,—and pioneers must suffer. Nonetheless it cannot be for naught that twigs of Western learning have been grafted

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on Japanese stock. Eventually, fruit worthy of both stock and graft must ripen. F. A.

Poetry

MARKS UPON A STONE. By Jane Dransfield. Prairie City, Ill.: The Press of James A. Decker. 1940. $1.

ANY CENTURY. By Patti Broadhurst. Dial Press. 1940. 93 *pp.* $1.75.

Here are two new books of poetry likely to be unfairly overlooked in the press of larger volumes. Jane Dransfield has done distinguished work as poet, playwright, and critic. Her latest book of poems has been beautifully printed and hand-set and is offered in two bindings at one and two dollars. Most of the lyrics in it have already appeared in magazines and the thirty-two sonnets are from a longer sequence "To a Lovely Woman." The poems have been written over a span of the last twenty years. Miss Dransfield handles the Shakespearian sonnet with nobility. To illustrate at once her originality and clarity, we quote:

Construe this love in any way you will
It fits whatever syntax is assigned;
Parsed as the steadfast noun, so staunchly still
My love, which never strays, is well defined.
Or parse it as the swift and eager verb
Which runs to meet its object, this is true;
Not fog, nor storm, nor danger-caution curb
The fleetness of my love, pursuing you.
For as the sun is fixed in heaven above,
Yet voyages afar upon its ray,
So present and so absent is this love,
Ever with me, yet evermore away.
Forgive me, that I thus presume teach
To one well-lettered, the simple parts of speech.

Patti Broadhurst's first book appeared in 1934. Her second also attracted favorable attention. "Any Century" is her third. It contains lyrics and sonnets. Less mature than Miss Dransfield's work, it nevertheless (as Lizette Woodworth Reese found of an earlier volume) has color and feeling. A verse from an autumn poem is an example of vivid spontaneity:

At exactly the moment,
As the long rays of the sun went down
And the flame of the moon came up,
And everything turned completely gold,
The lombardies suddenly shivered all over
And could contain themselves no longer—
Like sparks from a giant anvil
Their leaves
Flew up in a burst of laughter.

W. R. B.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "Enoch Arden," by Tennyson.
2. Ralph Rackstraw, in "Pinafore," by W. S. Gilbert.
3. Ben Gunn, in "Treasure Island," by Stevenson.
4. Harvey Cheyne, in "Captains Courageous," by Kipling.
5. Commodore Hawser Trunnion, in "The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle," by Tobias Smollett.
6. Sir Ralph the Rover, in "The Inchcape Rock," by Robert Southey.
7. Chris Christopher, in "Anna Christie," by Eugene O'Neill.
8. Long Tom Coffin, in "The Pilot," by Cooper.
9. "Jim Bludso," by John Hay.
10. "Herve Riel," by Robert Browning.

The "STORY decade"

On April 15 the magazine, STORY, will celebrate its tenth anniversary as the only magazine in America devoted solely to the short story of literary quality.

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There will be no increase in price from your newsstand dealer—40c a copy—or direct from the publisher, STORY MAGAZINE, INC., 432 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Records in Review

Edward Tatnall Canby

RECENT recordings of three major Brahms works brings to mind the immense change in the popular notions concerning his music in the last half-century. Though for today's listeners he is almost universally a romantic (Stokowski's lush recordings of the symphonies were for years the standard), opinion sixty years ago was different. Then Brahms was champion of the classic school, as opposed to the "new" music of Wagner and Liszt, and many musicians and critics heaped scorn on him in terms which are disconcertingly familiar. (The moral is clear!) "He occupies a position in music similar to . . . mathematics in the curriculum of study . . . (He) represents a school of composition abstract and cold," said one critic, and another said of the 3rd symphony that, "it is painfully dry, deliberate and ungenial," and, "We yearn for more tunes in Brahms . . . There is something else in music beside mere science." Yet others applauded his classical sense of form and restraint, and it is perhaps this that is most important in a consideration of present day performances. Thus Frederick Stock's interpretation of the 3rd with his Chicago orchestra (C M-433; $4.50) will be called by some pedestrian and uninspired, since it is decidedly not super-romantic, but my own opinion is, that though the performance is certainly not earth-shaking, it holds considerable interest for those who agree that a revaluation of Brahms in somewhat less Stokowskian terms is desirable . . . On the other side of the fence is the already famous Toscanini-Horowitz version of the 2nd Piano Concerto. (V M-740; $6.50) This, one of the most romantic of Brahms's works is given a whirlwind performance which carries conviction because of its very intensity. A definitive recording, but to my mind the quieter, less verbose Brahms is often the greater composer . . . Finally comes Koussevitsky, the lone cat, with an astonishing 4th Symphony (V M-730; $5.50) full of "Koussie's" idiosyncrasies, but great nonetheless, and technically one of the most remarkable recordings ever made. The aural perspective is uncanny; one can almost measure the distance from each instrument to the mike. Countless orchestral details emerge clearly for the first time on records and the naturalness of the tutti equals that of recent English recordings.

★ ★

An unusual recording is that of Aaron Copland's *Music for the Theatre* (1925) played by the Eastman-Rochester orchestra (V M-744; $3.50). Here is music which has already an historical importance, for it comes straight from the raucous, flashy, brittle, self-conscious twenties, so long, long ago. In those years jazz and the

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one-piece bathing suit were equally shocking and it is fairly clear that Mr. Copland was out to shock. Music, shaken out of its pre-war post-romanticism, was reveling in vulgarity, and thoroughly enjoying itself. The raucous blats and blurps, the squawks, and rattles in this work have a naive and disarming quality that surely is authentic, and surprisingly satisfying. Simple, almost childish music, but nice just the same. There's a lot of *Petrouchka* in it as well as a self-conscious shot of jazz. . . . Mozart's Serenade for thirteen Wind Instruments. K.361 (V M-743; $3.50) is added to the Sesqui-Centennial recordings. Though this is necessarily a bit of a specialty it is, especially in the first two movements, of much greater weight than the rather tinny wind Divertimenti. Beautifully played by a group under Edwin Fischer.

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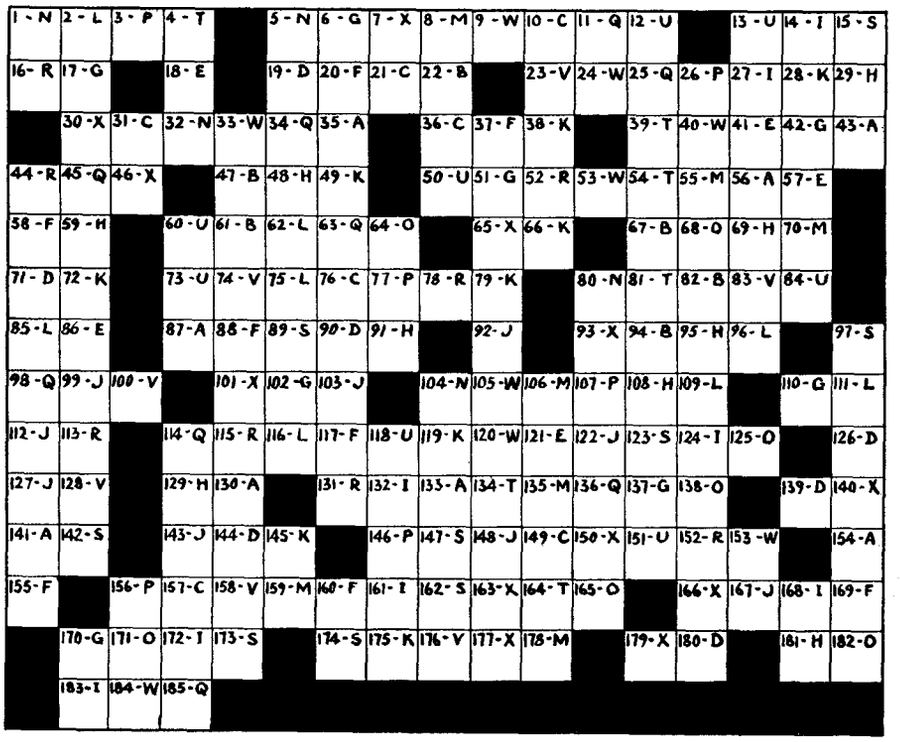
Double-Crostics: No. 368

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 14 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Harsh (of musical instruments).
B. Boughs or branches of a tree.
C. Character in *Antony and Cleopatra.*
D. Shaggy herding dog of Russian breed.
E. Smart, neat, splendid (slang).
F. Set with prickles.
G. English dramatist and architect (1664-1726).
H. Equal odds in betting (2 wds.)
I. Cavalier poet (1618-58).
J. Uninspired, commonplace.
K. In disorder or confusion (after *at*) (2 wds.)
L. Abstruse; confined to select group.
M. Colossal; earth-shaking.
N. Crook spirally.
O. Something offensive to the sight.
P. Member of dominant military caste in Northern India.
Q. State seceding from the Union, May 6, 1861.
R. Greek hero in the Trojan War.
S. Unfinished poem by Coleridge (1816).
T. Oratorio by Mendelssohn.
U. Set at liberty.
V. Authoress of "Our Village" (1787-1855).
W. Unfeeling; brutal.
X. Comedy by Shakespeare.

WORDS

141	154	43	87	133	56	35	130				
82	47	67	94	61	22						
31	76	36	157	21	10	149					
180	139	71	90	19	126	144					
57	41	18	86	121							
88	117	37	160	155	20	58	169				
110	42	6	170	17	51	137	102				
91	95	69	181	129	59	48	108	29			
124	183	168	172	27	14	161	132				
143	122	99	148	103	112	92	167	127			
28	66	72	119	145	38	175	49	79			
96	75	85	109	111	62	2	116				
159	135	70	55	178	8	106					
32	1	5	104	80							
64	125	68	138	182	165	171					
107	26	146	156	77	3						
11	185	25	136	98	114	45	34	63			
16	131	113	52	78	44	115	152				
97	162	15	123	147	174	142	89	173			
81	134	54	39	164	4						
50	151	13	118	60	84	12	73				
83	74	100	23	176	158	128					
24	9	120	105	184	53	40	33	153			
179	177	46	163	7	101	93	150	140	30	166	65

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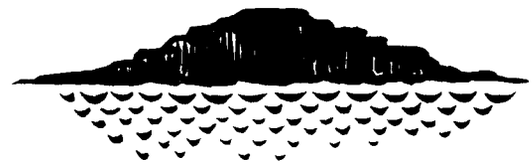

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